

I dined yesterday at Neilson's with La Harpe, Henri la Riviere, and M. Chevenix, son of an Irish bishop, and we all adjourned to the Lycée to hear La Harpe dissert on "Merope"; but he had taken more of the Burgundian than the Castalian spring, and made very dull stuff of his speech.

*Carmelite*, *houe de Pans*, and purple, are now the fashionable colours for women.

How dear Paris has grown! Every article of dress costs nearly double what it did ten years ago. I am compelled to be very economical with my two pounds a day, and can hardly make it do.

Except at balls, all descriptions of women cover their necks very much; most of them cover their shoulders and half their bodies with large coloured handkerchiefs, generally purple, with broad borders of rose colour or orange. Men wear coloured handkerchiefs as cravats.

I find your friend Le Maitre was looked upon as a *maumise Ute*, and was enveloped in a foolish

its merits. The following is a sample of one of their songs;

"La guillotine est un ioujou,  
Aujourd'hui des plus à la mode;  
J'en veux en bois d'acajou,  
Que je mettrai sur ma commode,  
Je l'essayerai soir et matin,  
Afin que, n'étant point novice,  
Je sois prêt des le lendemain,

En cas que je sois de service. 🇵🇸